

DRAMATIC MIRROR

AND

LITERARY COMPANION.

DEVOTED TO THE STAGE AND THE FINE ARTS.]

EDITED BY JAMES REES.]

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GALLERY OF PORTRAITS—No. 6.



MRS. FITZWILLIAM.

This highly respected lady and inimitable actress, is the daughter of Mr. Copeland, who for many years was the proprietor of a circuit in the county of Kent. Miss Copeland's profession being hereditary, it was not long before she became duly initiated into its numerous technicalities and mystic ramifications; consequently, at a very early age we find her aiding and abetting her respected parents in their somewhat profitless occupation of expounding and exhibiting (by means of the united talents of their *corps dramatique*) the manifold beauties and blandishments of those ill-used ladies, Thalia and Melpomene, to the more rational portion of his majesty's liege subjects in the aforesaid county of Kent. At fourteen years of age, she first made her curtsy to the London public as the *Page*, in the "*Follies of a Day*," at the Haymarket theatre, and

shortly afterwards repaired to the Olympic, but enjoyed no considerable degree of popularity until her appearance at the Surrey, where she was engaged by T. Dibdin, under whose management she speedily increased her popularity, as she then had "the best of every thing." Here she was the original *Madge Wildfire*. "When Dibdin made all fashion run After Mid Lothian's Heart." (as Madame Vestris has since sang.) Her success in this character induced Elliston to engage her for Drury Lane, where she opened as *Fanny*, in Mr. Barham Livius's clever little comedy of "*Maid or Wife*," on November 5th, 1821. Her success was highly flattering, yet, from some unaccountable circumstance, she soon quitted the patent overgrown building, returned to the Surrey, and subsequently appeared at the Olympic.

On Yates and Terry purchasing the Adelphi theatre, she joined their company, and continued there for many seasons in the "high and palmy" state of that establishment, when John Reeve, Buckstone, Yates, O. Smith, Mrs. Yates, and the subject of this memoir, contributed to make the Adelphi theatre one of the most popular and fashionable places of amusement in the metropolis. She was the original *Madame la Baronne Elise*, in "*Victorine*," *Bella*, in "*The Wreck Ashore*," and *Rosie*, in "*Henriette*."

In the year 1832, in conjunction with Mr. W. H. Williams, she became proprietress of Sadler's Wells, and for a time electrified the Islingtonians with the versatility of her talents, more especially her *Paul*, in Buckstone's admirable operetta of "*The Pet of the Petticoats*."

Upon her removal from the Wells, she repaired to Drury Lane and Covent Garden: at the latter house she was the original *Arvedson*, in "*Gustavus*." But, like many *histriones* who have gained their fame at the minors, she became literally lost when transplanted to the boards of a more classic and extensive area. During Bond's management of the Adelphi she appeared in the (since) popular monologue of "*Mrs. Wiggins*," in which she, wholly unsupported, sustained seven varied characters, played the violin, the harp, the piano forte, and in her versified illustration of the effects of "*Jim Crow*," convulsed the audience with her archness and drollery, and proved herself one of the most genuine and versatile actresses that ever appeared, and when she visited Dublin with the same entertainment, the Irishmen considered it little less than a prodigy.

Previous to her engagement at the Haymarket, she starred it for a few weeks at the Victoria and Surrey. Indeed, there is scarcely a theatre in London at which she has not appeared. Her exertions at the Haymarket theatre, combined with the excellent company assembled there, greatly tended to the prosperity of that now highly favored and flourishing establishment. Her skill as a musician is sufficiently shown by the admirable manner in which she gives the "*Medley of Melodies*," in "*The Irish Lion*." Altogether Mrs. Fitzwilliam is one of the most general favorites that at present enjoy the approbation of the public.

On the 2d of December, 1822, Miss Copeland bestowed her hand and heart upon Mr. Fitzwilliam, the popular comic singer and representative of Irish characters.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam's first trip to America, was in the winter of 1833; she was warmly received, and her success no doubt astonished herself. She has performed in nearly all the principal towns in the country, and her name is a sure card to the managers. She is at present playing an engagement at the National theatre, Philadelphia.

ITEMS.

Mr. Braham gave his first concert, or musical soiree, at the Astor house on Monday evening, which was well attended. He proposes to continue them during the present month, prior to his visit to the south.

Mrs. Seymour has closed an engagement at Boston, and talks of giving readings—ala Vandenhoff.

OLD MAIDS.
AN ORIGINAL PLAY IN FIVE ACTS.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.
Author of *Virginian*, *The Hunchback*, *The Wife*, &c.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Park.

Enter ROBERT and CHARLOTTE.

Robert. This is the place!—'tis now almost the hour
Now—Lady Blanche!—forget the lady's maid,
And be the Countess. Bear yourself with height;
Incline your head in lieu of curtsying;
And that not over-much!—Be affluent
In airs!—As many graces as you can!
Do not forget your friends, Lord John and Stephen;
Let nothing trace them to the servant's room
That falls from thee! And I pray you keep in mind
My baronetcy!—but through all your pride
Let admiration of this coxcomb abate,
As it behoves you to be smit with him!
They come—Now prove yourself an actress.—
Mark;
We'll pass them first, then return.—They know their cue.

Enter STEPHEN, JOHN, JACOB.

Stephen and Jacob, (as they cross.) Good day!
Robert and Charlotte, (very stately; crossing and going out.) Good day.
John, (stopping the others.) Is that the Countess?
Stephen. Don't
Look back! 'Tis not the mode. We'll turn anon.

The odds are ten to one they do the same.
(They go out, then return; ROBERT and CHARLOTTE returning at the same time, both parties come to a stand.)

Stephen. Good day again, Sir Philip.
Robert. Dear Lord John,
It is, indeed, a fair and sunny day!
Lord Stephen, how are you!—Your servant, sir!
John. Mean you not to present me?
Stephen. Stay awhile!
Charlotte, (half aloud to ROBERT.) A monstrous handsome person that, Sir Philip.
John. She speaks, methinks, of me!
Stephen and Jacob. Be sure she does.
John. She is struck! Pray introduce me.—
Nothing like
Clenching the nail at once!
Stephen. My friend aspires
To know you, Lady Blanche!
Charlotte. His grace is good.
John. She takes me for a duke!—Your ladyship
O'erstates alas, my rank! I am not a duke.
Charlotte. Alas.
Not for your lordship, but the rank which lacks
The pride of owning such an ornament.
John. She'll have me an earl, if I am not a duke.
I can't recount for this!

Stephen. 'Tis instinct, sir!
Like nature oft find one another out!
Though yet plain gentleman, I would not say
But you're an earl or duke in embryo!
John. I have my own forebodings thereupon;
'Twere fit I undeciv'd her, were it not?
Fair lady! neither duke nor earl am I.
Charlotte. I must believe your looks against your words!
John. Nay, lady, trust my words against my looks!
Robert. Fair Lady Blanche, 'tis even as he says;
Afflict him not with incredulity.
For he is honest, even as well favor'd!
That noble presence—for it is indeed,
No less than noble, as the evidence
Of feature, form, and bearing do attest—
Belongs to neither duke nor earl; but calls
A commoner its own!

Charlotte. Do you say so?
Nor duke nor earl?—Is he a baronet?
Robert. Not yet a baronet.
John. How very strong
The feeling of my quality is upon her.
Charlotte. Who is your friend, and what?
Robert. Lord John, how strangely
You introduced the gentleman. I vow
You never named him; so the ceremony
Must be perform'd again! Fair Lady Blanche,
Permit me to solicit your acquaintance
For Colonel Blount.

Charlotte. For Colonel Blount!—O, no!
Robert. Indeed! indeed!
Charlotte. I can't believe it.
Robert. True,
As I'm a baronet.
Stephen. Or I, a lord.
Jacob. Or I, another, or as your ladyship
Is lady Blanche.
Charlotte. Deny me Lady Blanche,
Deny that you are lords; Sir Philip, you
That you're a baronet, but tell me not
That gentleman is a colonel!—Colonel?—Fie!
Not he!

John. Does she suspect me, do you think?
I have my fears!
Robert. And so have I!
John. Indeed!
Were it not better then I stole away?
Charlotte. A colonel! Fie, Sir Philip—fie,
Lord John,
Lord Stephen! Play on my credulity!
Palm your friend on me for a colonel!
John. Clear
She penetrates the truth—I will begone;
Don't stop me, dear Sir Philip.
Charlotte. Colonel—Sir,
Are you a colonel?

John, (aside to ROBERT.) What am I to say?
Robert. Put a bold face upon it!—Say at once
You would not contradict her!
John, (stammering.) 'Twere offence
To say I am the thing your ladyship
Asserts me not to be!
Charlotte. I knew 'twas so!
I knew he was no colonel!
John. I'm undone.
Charlotte. A colonel! does he look like one?
—Why, friends,
You cannot use your eyes! Your friend must be
A general!

John. Give me joy! I breathe again,
Like one half-drown'd that's to the surface
brought!
I thank your ladyship for giving me
So high a rank! I am a general
In prospect!

Robert. Now you'll do. Propose to walk,
And offer her your arm.
John. Let me take time,
Scarce yet can I fetch breath.
Robert. Love's time is now!
It brooks not putting off. Love's time is when
It sees 'tis welcome. So you seem to be,
And make your most of it. Surprise will take
The fort would mock a siege! Declare yourself,
And straight propose. You know the chance
faint heart
Runs with fair lady!

John. Yes.
Robert. Then profit by
The adage. Sure you lack not courage.
John. Courage?
And with a woman!—Be there anything
Wherein I have the mastery beyond
All other things, 'tis courage with a woman!
Your ladyship

Charlotte, (very stately) Sir!
(John is thrown off his guard.)
Stephen. What is she about?
Robert. Let her alone. She better knows than you.
Without a little frost a summer comes
With half a welcome.
Charlotte. Sir! What would you say?
I think, or I'm deceiv'd you spoke just now.
Well, sir?

John, (at a loss.) The day is marvelously fine.

Charlotte. 'Tis June, sir.
John. June! So it is! Then the day
May well be fine without a miracle.
Charlotte. And yet for June the day is fine.
John. 'Twas that
I meant to say.
Charlotte. A breezy day!
John. It is
A breezy day.
Charlotte. Though warm.
John. Though warm.
Charlotte. A day,
Methinks, to walk. Do you like walking, sir?

[Putting her arm through his.]
John. Much, very much. It is a passion with me!
I love to walk well—luxuriate in a walk.
And I walk well—so, please your ladyship,
If there's one thing wherein I most excel
'Tis walking.

Charlotte. I should like to learn of you.
John. When? I am ready any time.
Charlotte. Why, now;
Since I have placed my arm—I trust with leave—
In yours.

John. Now be it then. How proud I am
To wait upon your ladyship. I live
Only to please your sex.

Charlotte. You flatter us.
John. Nay, Lady Blanche, 'tis simple honesty;
Mere honesty. If there's a quality
Whereon, above all others, I presume—
Charlotte. You need not tell me, Colonel
Blount—I know—
Am sure—could swear it. It is honesty.
[They go out.]

SCENE II.—The ante-chamber to a Ball-Room.

Enter LADY BLANCHE.

Lady Blanche. He knows me not at all!—
His memory,
Far as concerns me, is a perfect blank,
And in his heart not e'en a spark remains
To mind me of the love he bore me when
I seem'd a yeoman's maid. She is forgot,
But I'll avenge her! and enslave his heart
Before he knows his danger. Twice or thrice
We spoke in passing. In his eye I saw
No witness to the charms which all allow!—
But soon shall he attest them to his cost.
He comes!—I'll hold him now in spite of him;
Find out his vulnerable part—all men
That have free hearts are somewhere vulner-
able!—
Propitiate his vanity, his pride,
Humor—whatever sways uppermost; and then
Right to his heart, and win the citadel,
Which, mine, who lists may keep.—He comes!
—In thought!

Enter COLONEL BLOUNT.

Well, Colonel Blount, I saw you dance just now.
Come, sir, sit down, and tell me how you lik'd
Your partner, sir—a special friend of mine!

Colonel Blount. A lady worthy praise.
Lady Blanche. Did you admire
Her diamonds!—Mine are paragons to them!

[aside.]
They are very rich!—Perhaps you do not care
For gems?—No more do I!—But what of that?
The world does! What are you and I against
The world—I know what you would say! One's
self

May be one's world,—or one may light upon
Another self outweighs the world! That self
When I shall find, farewell the world for me!
The diamonds I could prize were shining thought,
Mined in the heart of one that I could love!
A shaft shot straight and should go home.—He's
struck!

If struck, he should be stung! The deer is
charm'd!

The skill I try on him, I throw away!
I'll give it over! At the first shot! No,
The quiver yet is full. What ponders he?
Where are your thoughts, sir?

Colonel Blount. Lady, close at hand,
When'er you call them to attend upon you.

Lady Blanche. Attendance willing waits not
to be call'd,
But still forestalls the summons, still attends!

Not that I claim such servitude from one
That's but my new acquaintance! By and by
Perhaps I may be more observ'd—and more
May wish to be so. There are scores of men
Who watch my looks to worm my wishes from
them.

And do them ere they are told! But what are
scores

That don't include the unit which we want?
Found I that unit, farewell scores of scores—
Nay, farewell millions! It were more to me!
I think the day will come—nay I believe
'Tis nearer than I thought it yesterday.
When first I made your fair acquaintance, sir!
The man's a stock! He cannot hear! I'll try
If he can see! Where are your thoughts again?

Colonel Blount. Here, madam, your retainers.
Lady Blanche. Such retainers

Might wait upon my grandmother for me!
The lady's forehead you were dancing with
They say a strong resemblance bears to mine.
Does it? 'Tis not so high by half an inch (aside)
Well, sir?

Colonel Blount. I am thinking, madam.
Lady Blanche. Thinking when
He should be looking! Where are the man's
eyes?

Poring upon his feet—and mine beside them!

Colonel Blount. I own I cannot see the like-
ness.

Lady Blanche. I
Should wonder if you did! I do not think
Our forehead much alike—mine, I believe,
Somewhat exceeds in height! Do you think it
does?

Colonel Blount. I think it does a little.
Lady Blanche. Half an inch
A little in the forehead! Pahaw! He knows
not

What he is saying! Sir, are you listening to me?

Colonel Blount. With all my ears!
Lady Blanche. Then all, I fear, all lack!
I will transfix him with my arms! (aside.) They
say

That that same lady has surpassing arms!

Colonel Blount. She wears surpassing brace-
lets!

Lady Blanche. Like you not
A lady should wear bracelets?

Colonel Blount. I like nothing
Would supersede the handiwork of Nature!
Why mask the graceful wrist? Stopp'd nature
there,

Instead of going on consummately
To the fair finish, what would you have said?
Art is a gracious handmaid to work on,
Where her high mistress, Nature, fails; but
thence

Is a poor critic who but shames himself
Improving what's complete!

Lady Blanche. He is rous'd at last!
I have found his vein. He shall not nod again.
My bracelets hurt.—The clasps are very stiff,
I pray you help me to take them off! I'll never
Wear them again.—Now, sir, your eyes are
mine! (aside.)

Colonel Blount. (holding her hand, and con-
templating the bracelet)

'Tis wonderful!

Lady Blanche, (aside.) He perches and is
lim'd—my saucy linnnet!

How light you made just now of the poor bush,
A spray of which has caught you!

Colonel Blount, (still holding, etc.) Art beat
that!

Lady Blanche, (aside.) She can't!

Colonel Blount, (still holding her hand.) Or
find the thing that will comprise

Such richness in ten thousand times the space!

Lady Blanche, (aside.) He has found out at
last I have an arm.

We'll live in hopes he will find out anon
I have a face as well!

Colonel Blount. Why caracks thus
Might weigh almost 'gainst kingdoms.

Lady Blanche, (aside.) Caracks!—What
Have arms to do with caracks?

Colonel Blount. Multiply
The grains of each of these a hundred fold
And let the bulk grow with them, you will have

The income of an empire in the space
That spans this little wrist!

Lady Blanche. Mean you my diamonds!

Sir, you were 'prentice to a lapidary!

Colonel Blount. I know I was.

Lady Blanche. Then, having left your craft,
You should forget it.

Colonel Blount. 'Twas an honest one;

And, though I lov'd it not, I blush not for it!

Lady Blanche. What kind of man is this!—I
am forgetful! (aside.)

I have been ungenerous, and ask your pardon!

Colonel Blount. Pardon!—Oh no!—impossi-
ble!—a lady

Must never ask for pardon!

Lady Blanche. You forgive me?

Colonel Blount. I will when you offend me!

Lady Blanche. Then we are friends.

Colonel Blount. Then I am happy!

Lady Blanche. You are a soldier, sir.

Tell me of your exploits. I love brave men,

And hear their deeds with pleasure.

Colonel Blount. Had I deeds

To speak of, I had rather others told them.

Lady Blanche. Come, sir, what is a battle?

Colonel Blount. Glory, madam,

In a just cause, but at the best bought dearly

When men destroy their brother men, like them

Fram'd in the image of their common Maker!

Lady Blanche. You would fight again?

Colonel Blount. I would to serve my country;

But should be glad she needed not such service.

We must have wars, if others will provoke us,

And ever then, I trust, act gallantly,

As men that loathe aggression!—but, I hope,

That golden age will come—'tis promised us,

When men will fear their God and live like men,

To brutes resigning carnage.

Lady Blanche, (aside.) He o'ertowers me

In all he thinks and feels!—I grow to fear him!

He has his weakness!—who is without them?—

I'll find them out!—he is nothing but a man!

Soldiers live merrily, they say, in quarters—

You don't refuse your glass!

Colonel Blount. Nor yet abuse it;

Unless, perhaps, a joyous time or two

When men make holiday, and open hearts

Would shut at my defection—yet e'en then,

Keep somewhat within compass! Do believe
me,

And for my credit press me not too closely.

Lady Blanche. How honest is he! if I prove
him further

I almost fear to find myself a knave!

Yet I'll go on!—soldiers, I have heard, love
play,

You play!

Colonel Blount. At times; and then for the
suspense

That chance creates—that mistress none can fix

Who from the sharper's clasp escapes as well

As his who woos her with fair gallantry!

I never gamble.

Lady Blanche. How can you refrain?

Colonel Blount. With thought of what a paltry
act it is!

To say the least, it never can consist

With proper manhood to enjoy the thing

Was not one's own an hour ago, and now

One's merit has not won him? then, beside,

To wax rich by another's poverty!

My pillow for the sleep it giveth me

To rob another man's!—How could I lay

My head upon it?—when I feast, the bread

That loads my board, to leave another's bare,

Ay, of crust perhaps!—How could I touch it?

To go abroad and show the witness sun

My fullness at such destitution bought

As robs that sun of light and heat to one

Who yesterday rejoic'd in them and bless'd
them!

Can he who games have feeling?—yes, he can!

But better in my mind he had it not!

For I esteem him preferable far,

In rate of manhood, that has not a heart

Than he that has and makes vile use of it!

The one is traitor unto nature, which

The other can't be call'd!—were it my lot

In some unguarded moment of caprice,
Forgetfulness, or aught that renders one

Unlike oneself—were it, in such a lapse,
My lot too win a fortune—ere I slept
I must disgorge my gains, that the next day
I might awake a man!

Lady Blanche. He is a man!

Where am I?—What am I about? I fear
I have found a master where I sought a slave.

Heugh!—methinks I could look up to him,

Give him obedience, would he in exchange

Give me his heart!—But is it his to give?

I'll try, yet fear to try!—Soldiers are lovers!

Some men are women-haters—are you one?

Colonel Blount. I honor women.

Lady Blanche. But I spoke of loving!

Say, all men love; yet, love not all alike.

Some men love lightly, others seriously,

Some last, some change—which way of these
love you?

Colonel Blount. Indeed, you puzzle me!

Lady Blanche. You are afraid

To answer!

Colonel Blount. No!—If you will take my
answer—

I love for ever—if I love at all!

Lady Blanche. I see!—He never loved the
yeoman's maid. (aside.)

What call you loving?

Colonel Blount. Blissful cherishing!

Of our own happiness that makes a casket

Wherein to keep a treasure'd other's safe!

He who loves lightly does not love at all,

He only thinks he loves!

Lady Blanche. So lov'd he when

He lov'd the yeoman's maid. (aside.)

Colonel Blount. There is more of heaven

In that sweet mood than such a man e'er dream'd
of!

Love lightly!—Love is nothing, if its root

Pierces the surface only of the heart!

It must dive to the core, then what will pluck it
out

With fibres so embedded! It may happen

The object is forgetful; but what then,

If 'tis found out too late!—The soil hath given—

Its richest spirits to the growth.—'Tis spent!

I don't believe that heart can love again!

I am sure it cannot!

Lady Blanche. He will steal my heart

Before my face, and all against my will,

Nor give me hold of his.—I must break off

This converse! Sir, I thank you for the time

You have wasted on me! We have talk'd of
trifles,

But pleasantly—nay, very pleasantly!

You are going? A good night—a kind good
night,

I am glad of your acquaintance—will shake
hands,

If you please! I have tir'd you, have I not?—

Don't answer;

I know you must deny.

Colonel Blount. I do so frankly.

Lady Blanche. I thank you frankly then, and
so good night.

[COLONEL BLOUNT goes out.]

How chang'd I feel!—I do not know myself!

Chang'd!—He shall change.—I'll bring him to
his knee!

I wonder what he thinks of me?—I'll plan

A snare for him shall show me.—He did not kiss

My hand!—and, when I gave it him, almost

I held it to his lips!—One thing is certain,

The yeoman's maid is free to love for him!

How I deceiv'd myself to think one moment

The man was any other than a man!

How very soon I have disabus'd myself!

To-morrow shall unfold!—not kiss my hand!

I could have sworn he would have kiss'd my
hand! (goes out)

END OF ACT III.

Madame Vestris is now preparing for the
production of a new comedy, from the pen of
the author of London Assurance. The scene
is laid in London, in the reign of Charles II.,
and the famous Nell Gwynne will be the heroine
in the hands of Vestris herself—report speaks
favourably of the production.

The Dramatic Mirror, having now attained a large circulation, through all parts of the country, is the best medium now issued, of advertising all matters connected with the Stage.

First insertion, 4 cents a line.

Each subsequent do. 2 cents do.



DRAMATIC MIRROR, AND LITERARY COMPANION.

Saturday Morning, November 13, 1841.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Biography of Emma Ince next week.

Sketch of the life and theatrical career of Mrs. Richardson, by Colley Cibber in type.

A Leaf from the Journal of an Actor, in our next.

Life of Parsons which we announced for publication some time since, has been delayed in consequence of a correspondence we have had with a friend in relation to a most material point. It will be published shortly.

Butler, the actor, now playing in New York is a nephew of the late Mr. J. Jefferson, the inimitable comedian. He visited this country some years ago, and played with moderate success in some of the principal cities. Butler is near six feet two inches in height. It will be perceived that he stands high in the profession. (See under New York head.)

REMARKS ON THE DRAMA.

The drama has ceased to charm, the pleasing associations of the past unloosen themselves from the chain of memory, and are lost to us forever. And why is it? What has caused this great change in our stage history from what it was? The answer is plain and simple—it is degraded, in these few words are summed up all the reasons for the present awful state of the drama.

That moral principle which once gave it a tone and character is gone, that purity of style, that elegance of diction is fled—genius' self, abashed has moved in silence away, and left profligacy to rule instead. Perhaps there is no period in the history of the drama more prosperous for crime than at present, no period in its past more black than that which stains it now. During the corrupt and dissipated reign of Charles II, notwithstanding the stage participated strongly in the language and manners of the licentious court. We find nothing stated of the players being—as many of them are now—pre-eminently debauched or setting the examples in their own persons of the reprehensible, voluptuousness of the time. It is not on record of players setting the example of traveling from town to town with their mistresses—playing star engagements, and applauded by thousands—applauding vice!—In the 19th century, an intellectual people openly approving

licentiousness. Public men, actors are public men, leaving their wives, their children, their homes, and rambling about with wantons, introducing them into decent society, and receiving from virtuous hands marks of approval. Oh, shame, where is thy blush!! We ask the intelligent portion of our community—that portion who take an interest in the drama, if anything can be done to restore it to its former character while such things are permitted to pollute its walls?

In a former number we commented upon imported vice, we neglected to state in its proper place that a few brazen imitators and delineators, besotted rum-drinkers, on this side of the water, became inoculated, and to swell up as big as John Bull—secured to themselves some cast away thing and they too must leave their American wives to travel with foreign mistresses—such fellows should be hooted from the stage—the mark of public indignation placed upon them, that like Cain their guilt and infamy could be read by all. We have no patience with these offals of humanity, and are only surprised that they are tolerated by the community. In the year 1732, a period of our stage history to which we can point with pride and pleasure, a period in English dramatic literature which gave to the world names endeared to us by the gems of their genius, which have shone in pleasing lustre since, and will to the end of time; at that period, however, some actors by their misconduct drew down the wrath of a preacher who anathematized them in these terms:

“No player or any of his children ought to be entitled to a christian burial, or even lie in a church-yard. Not one of them can be saved! and those who enter a play-house, are equally certain with the players of eternal damnation! No player can be an honest man!”

This is utterly undeserving comment—but mark, gentle reader, the actors then did not furnish the weapons for clerical denunciation as they do now—nor would our reverend clergy talk in this wise. They would point out the examples set by the disciples of the drama; they would hold up to the view the many who have brought it down to its low, cbbing state—they would say in the language of Collier:—

“The business of plays is to commend virtue, and discountenance vice, to shew the uncertainty of human greatness, the sudden turns of fate, and the unhappy conclusions of violence and injustice; it is to expose the singularities of pride and fancy, to make falsehood contemptible, and to bring every thing that is ill under infamy and neglect. The wit of man cannot invent any thing more conducive to virtue and destructive of vice than the drama, and I grant the abuse of a thing is no argument against the use of it.”

How is it now?—What is the business of the votaries of the drama? It is to bring it into disrepute—to revile—to profane it—instead of “holding, as it were, the mirror up to nature,” they reverse it, and all is dark. The consequence of all this is, that theatrical companies now are made up of good and bad—a broad line is drawn between them—and while the former are endeavoring to elevate, the latter are endeavoring to prostrate it. This they do by ridiculing virtue—laughing at innocence and erecting the banner of vice on as lofty a pinnacle as they can. Managers have been asked

why they engage females of doubtful reputation in their theatres, their answers were, “*virtuous girls ask too much.*” Cheapness, therefore, is the ruling passion, and that too at the expense of virtue.

It is here the manager loses sight of his interest. Persons, not actors, are placed on the stage, because they are got cheap—a play is announced with one or two names in large letters, the minor characters considered of no consequence, the result is, the failure of the pieces—empty benches—bankrupt managers—and all for cheapness, and a want of a due regard to the moral and intellectual character of the drama.

If there is not a check given to the manifest vices of the stage we are apprehensive that it will be our painful duty to announce some day or other, a similar case to the following—which Tertulian very gravely tells us actually occurred:

“A certain woman went to the play-house, and brought the devil home with her. And when the unclean spirit was pressed in the exorcism, and asked how he durst attack a christian. ‘I have done nothing,’ said he, ‘but what I can justify—for I seized her upon my own ground.’”

PHILADELPHIA.

WALNUT STREET.—*London Assurance.*

—This popular modern comedy was produced at this house on Saturday evening, the 6th inst, in a style of magnificence unparalleled in our stage history for years. The comedy possesses considerable merit, having all the ingredients of a finished one, in its flashes of wit, brilliant and highly poetic language, characters distinctly drawn, and standing out from each other in bold relief. It struck us, however, that it is erected upon a Parisian superstructure; there is a decided French air about it, although not a portion of their idiom could be detected in the composition. It also struck us that there are many passages throughout familiar to the ear—rich, pearly-like streams of wit, which have run through the old English drama, and wasted their excellence upon the shores of time. We may be wrong, but it seemed to us as if these gems had been gathered carefully up and studded with a master's hand among others of a more modern growth. Divest it however of the costly furniture, the groupings of the statuary, rich carpets—splendid hangings, curtains, &c, strip it of the beautiful garden scenery, romantic walks, and the distant view of the crowded park giving, as it were, to the whole scene an air of reality, we question if all the beauties of the former, could preserve it from oblivion without the powerful aid of the latter.

In a former number of the Mirror our able correspondent in New York has given a synopsis of the play, and other matter in relation to it, we will now assume the toga of our own art, and measure out our quantum of praise and censure to the artists engaged upon it in our city.

Mr. Lambert as Sir Harcourt Courtly—this is a great part, and can only be made so when in the hands of a finished actor, and he too must be of the old school, we naturally run back to the days of Betterton—Bernard—and Finn, names which can never be erased from the recollection of those who have witnessed the representation of the old sterling English

comedies, with such auxiliaries to give them effect. Mr. Lambert did not come up to our idea of Sir Harcourt Courtly, he is decidedly a *Beau Shatterly*, an old man aping the manner and finish of a modern dandy—possessing all the courtly manners of a finished gentleman, with all the ridiculous vanity of a youthful fop. This we contend was not well kept up, which added to a measured manner of speaking, amounting almost to a drawl rendered it ineffective—his “good gracious”—was Domine Sampson’s “Prodigious” in disguise—His conception of the character in its connection with others in the piece was good, and his bye play was excellent—no point was lost.

Dazzle by Mr. Richings was good, that however is but faint praise for so deserving and so accomplished an artist. It is a part however which depends altogether upon the *nonchalant* of the actor, which, if either over or under done, ceases to attract the notice of the observer. It is a perfect gem in a rich piece of painting to be admired in its connection and close affinity to all the rest.

Mr. Spanker—Mr. Chapman. This character, modelled in part from Leon, in “Rule a Wife, and have a Wife,” in the hands of this gentleman, was a finished piece of acting—not over partial to Mr. C. we needs must do him the justice to say—that although not a part of much moment, he by the unusual display of histrionic power, gave to it a finish that elicited the warmest marks of approbation from the audience.

Mark Meddle—Mr. Hadaway. Of this gentleman, and an excellent comedian, we had the most serious apprehensions of a total failure in the busy, bustling, Meddle, our reasons for thus prejudging him were founded upon his total abandoning himself to the pit of this establishment, and not unfrequently forgetting that there are other portions of the audience to be pleased as well the frequenters of that part of the house. In this character he had to divert himself of all old habits and assume a new one, and excellently well did it fit him. Hadaway has made Meddle a character which cannot be eclipsed by any actor in the country. There was no buffoonery about it, no indecent exposure of person, *a la Paul Pry*—which certain individuals are so fond of making a feature of, and which should be hissed when ever attempted. There was no unlicensed liberty taken with the author, all was in perfect keeping. The garden scene in which he has to bear the insults, slurs, and contumely of all the rest of the characters was most admirably sustained, and although we could not but acknowledge the justice of these rebukes heaped upon him without mercy, still our sympathies were much excited in his favor. The splendid garden scene, with its flowers and its statues—the distant view of the Park, &c., gave an effect to the acting throughout this—the best act in the play, which well merited the applause bestowed upon it.

Max Harkaway—Mr. W. B. Wood. This was a true representation of the old country gentleman, he of course, could not fail in the delineation of such a character. We were pleased on his entrance at the burst of enthusiastic welcome with which he was received, but more particularly from the expressions of

delight manifested by those who had seen him in early days, and sat immediately around us. They remarked that his voice called up all those pleasing associations of times gone bye, and pictured as it were those days when old Drury was indeed the temple of the histrionic muse. Would he were at the head of that establishment again!

Charles Courtley—Mr. Davenport. The admirable acting of this gentleman in this and similar characters has raised him high in our estimation. He is easy and natural, a perfect command of self—never ambitious to shout and bellow, so as to call forth the plaudits of the pit, he aims at nature, and seldom misses his mark. Throughout the comedy the ease and grace of Mr. D. were suited to the character he impersonated.

Lady Gay Spanker—Mrs. Flynn. Were we to write a criticism upon the general acting of this lady, we should be at a loss to point out those characters in which she excels—her range is a universal one—hence this versatility is the very cause of our incapability to make the selection. On this occasion, however, her Lady Gay Spanker, must establish her claim to the gay dashing creature of the poet’s fancy, and the “*Canstancy*” of Sheridan Knowles, as well as “*Spanker*,” find an able representative in this excellent actress. The description of the steeple chase was given with great power and effect, and throughout the whole of the scene, while in her hunting dress we were delighted—when that was doffed—the charm departed.

Grace Harkaway—Miss Wood. This character in the hands of the young lady whose name is coupled with it, was not what it is susceptible of being made, it lacked all that archness—that *naivete* of style which is so essential to the part. Every allowance, however, should be made for one so young in the profession, and when we reflect that this was her fourth or fifth appearance upon any stage, it may be considered very good—nay, a great performance. Her voice requires much cultivation, its tones are somewhat harsh and inharmonious. This can only be cured or improved by study and incessant practice. We have spoken thus freely of this really talented young lady, because we feel an interest in her future success, injudicious praise has ruined hundreds. That sin shall not weigh upon our conscience.

Pert—Miss Ayres,—was pertness personified, her acting and movements in the various departments of the piece were admirable. The scene with Meddle was excellent. We consider this young lady’s representation of *soubrettes* to be the best we ever saw, and we have seen Mrs. Keeley!

Mr. Russell, Mr. Young, Mr. Brown and Goddin, were all well dressed, and drilled, each in his proper place and time, assisted in making the piece what it really was—highly successful.

ARCH STREET.—*Rice*, ‘the prince of darkies,’ has been fulfilling a short engagement at this theatre, and closed with a benefit last Wednesday night, to a tolerable well filled house. Is almost superfluous to say any thing in regard to his delineation of negro characteristics, as he has so completely identified himself with this line, as to bear away the palm of victory from all competitors, and this is saying a

great deal,—for their name is *legion*. We deprecate, however, this method of introducing the *sable skin*, to the walks of the drama, and investing them with the character of a hero of the piece, as is plainly observable in all of Rice’s productions, thereby attaching much more importance to their “*doings*” than what is the case in real life. We witnessed a portion of the burlesque of *Jim Crow in London*, and thought the *caste* execrable indeed, with the exception of *Rice*, Mr. and Mrs. Thoman, Miss Murray, and Mr. Myers,—the latter of whom performed the part of “*Tommy Popp*,” in a very clever manner.

The audiences at this house have been very respectable in point of number for the week past and by “*lopping off*” a few of the histrions (heaven save the mark!) attached to the company, the manager will do them and himself a benefit! “*So much for Buckingham!*”

THE NATIONAL.—Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Mr. Buckstone, and Mr. Browne have been the stars of attraction at this theatre during the week. The former has played her regular round of amusing characters with her usual *eclat*.—Browne does not appear to such an advantage in genteel comedy as he does in a line of melodramatic he has made peculiarly his own. His Robert Macaire, and Sergeant Austerlitz are perfect gems of the art.

Mr. Buckstone has kept us away from the establishment, we would go a great distance to witness good acting, to avoid bad we would walk just as far. As a writer Mr. Buckstone has rendered himself very popular, as an actor he never will attain more than the reputation of a fifth rate—it is truly shocking!

We are anxious to see London Assurance at this establishment, as the manager states it will be brought out in a style of magnificence, unequalled since its production on the stage. We shall notice in our next.

NEW YORK.

PARK THEATRE.—*Hamlet* was repeated at this theatre, on Saturday evening, with Mr. Samuel Butler for the second time. We wish we could say more in praise of this gentleman’s attempts, and less in reprehension, but our duty will not permit us to applaud when in justice we should condemn. *Hamlet* is the very touchstone of the actor’s art. It is the most finished of the conceptions of that master’s mind which gave it creation. The swan of Avon, had it sung no other strain, had rendered itself immortal by *Hamlet* alone.

In the closet, the soul is sublimed by its grasping influence over the mind—its powerful language, and its vast philosophy; but upon the stage it loses all its majesty, unless the actor is inspired in the delineative power of embodying thought, and identifying himself with the conceptions of the author.

We have many actors, rich and great actors, we can enumerate many who have recently passed away, who have left a name imperishable behind them—but we have had few *Hamlets*. The genius of a Cook and of a Kean was expended in vain efforts in its sustention—they found no fame in *Hamlet*. We have had many who have passed through the scene with something like *eclat*, and if we liken Mr. Butler with such as these, why then, Mr. Butler will be by such comparison a great actor, for in-

stance, he is infinitely superior to Hamblin, and better than Wallack; he is not upon a par with Vandenhoff, but more nearly assimilate to Charles Kemble; but to the great John Kemble, or to the present Charles Young, the comparison will no more hold than that of "Oso to a wart!"

It is as a great actor we are reviewing Mr. Butler, as one whose ambition has tempted him too far, and whose aspiring leads him to rank with the unqualifiedly great. It is clear, as it is proved in the case of Cooke and of Kean, that a man may be a great tragedian, and yet but an indifferent Hamlet. Mr. Butler then must not imagine that while we are scrutinizing his Prince of Denmark, we are negating his claim to eminence in his profession.

Some of Mr. Butler's points were made with great fidelity; they evinced the fact that he had studied deeply, and closely, his readings aimed however, too much at novelty, and as Hamlet is so thoroughly known upon the New York stage, and been so frequently represented, those novelties were more prominent, and consequently the more readily observed.

On Tuesday, the tragedy of the "Avenger," was produced at this theatre, under the terms of the engagement, entered into with Mr. Samuel Butler, and under such circumstances the management is no more responsible for its production than it would be for the quality of the entertainment offered upon a benefit night. These are matters with which the public should be more familiar, since errors in judgement argue a deficiency of knowledge in theatrical matters, and incompetency to the conducting of a theatre.

The Avenger is an importation from the Surrey theatre of the great metropolis. One of the numerous minors of that far famed city, under the management of Mr. Davidge; it is from the pen of a Mr. Lovel, who if he has obtained no great eminence from any other dramatic effusion, is not likely to glean much of celebrity from this.

The plot is certainly original, and we doubt whether any, even the humblest of the dramatists of the day, will claim it either in the whole or in part. The incidents are too extravagant even for melo-drama, and so clumsily put together as to defy penetration into their mysteries. They are not new, being borrowed from almost every German romance of the modern school, but altogether so disfigured as to render them difficult of detection.

If such an abortion of the stage could by possibility be well acted—it was so in all its parts—every thing was done for it that could be done to secure its success.

BOWERY THEATRE.—We have nothing of novelty on these boards, excepting it be the introduction of Mr. Benjamin Caunt, the pugilist, to the American public, with the belt of the champion of England. The houses have been moderately good. Novelties are announced, and two hundred nice young supernumeraries advertised for.

THE CHATHAM.—"Oberon" was produced on Monday evening to a crowded house, and was received with all that eclat which unusually attends the spectacles of this theatre. Thorne has spared no expense in the production of this gorgeous piece of pageantry, and we

have no doubt will be finally recompensed for his industry and liberality.

Sheridan Knowles' comedy of "Old Maid," is to be produced at the Park, on Monday evening, with new scenery, dresses, &c.

J. B. Rice has closed the Buffalo theatre, re-opens again in May; in the interval he manages the stage department for Nichol's Circus, in Albany.

On Monday last night Mr. Forrest opened in Providence, as Claude Melnotte, with a Miss Shaw as Pauline. On Tuesday, Richelieu was performed. Russel has a good company with him—in fact, the theatre was never in better hands.

LONDON ASSURANCE.

IN PRESS.—We have received a London copy of this highly popular and most successful comedy, and shall publish it in a days.

DISGRACEFUL FIGHT.

On Tuesday evening, a disgraceful fight took place between Mr. Browne, and Mr. Thompson of the National Theatre—a female was the cause. The fact is, the drama has now become so debased, partly owing to such scenes which naturally arise out of a degraded state of morals—that we look for no remedy until such actors and actresses are hooted from the stage.

ITEMS.

Pelby has got a copy of the London Assurance, and is about to produce it at the National. A rivalry will be the consequence between the two theatres—the Tremont and National.

Buckstone has got on the tapis—a new melo-dramatic ballet drama, in which Mrs. Fitzwilliam will sustain a character peculiar to her comprehensive powers.

Mr. and Mrs. Maeder are at Boston, with Mrs. Gibbs, and several of the minors, making their best efforts for public approbation and the improvement of their own resources.

Mrs. Sutton, and Signior Nagel gave a concert on Saturday evening last at the Tremont Theatre, being the first thing of the kind ever given in the walls of a Boston theatre. It was well attended, and with the probability of an ultimate success rewarding the talents of the distinguished professors. Mrs. Sutton is a lady of commanding talent, her vocal powers are unquestionable, and her science of the highest order.

Our London correspondent informs us that Serjeant Talfourd has a new tragedy, founded on that interesting period of English History—the Revolution of 1688—the abdication of James, and the settlement of the crown of England, on William and Mary. It will be among the first of the novelties of the season at Drury Lane, which opens under the management of Macready, on the first of December.

Yankee Hill has left the city—so has Miss Reynolds.

Browne is engaged at the National—

Mrs. Thompson goes to New Orleans—

Buckstone is playing at the National—so is Mrs. Fitzwilliam.

W. F. Johnson is in Boston—

The proprietor of the Chinese Museum is going, we believe, to Europe.

Hamblin is about erecting a new theatre—

Mrs. Shaw is a great favorite in New York.

Fanny Elsler has closed an engagement at Boston, with reputation undiminished, and profitable probably more to herself than the management; for on her off nights even a slender house could scarcely be obtained.

Welsh & Mann open the Walnut street circus on Monday the 20th inst, with talented equestrian and other performers—Cadwallader as equestrian manager. They have in the company Messrs. Dale, and McFarland, the celebrated vaulters, and young McCollum.

They are also engaging a company to perform in Trinidad, Point Peter, Martinique, St. Thomas, Denmark, Barbadoes, San Kate, Porto Rico, Bermuda, and other West India Islands. Manager—Mr. Mann; equestrian manager, Mr. W. Howard, the celebrated Indian performer. First *femme* equestrian rider, Mrs. Howard, with a number of others, equally celebrated.

Levi North, the equestrian is at present detained in New York by illness; should his health permit he will perform in Philadelphia, and then proceed to New Orleans.

Shay, C. J. Rodges, and J. Water's company are at present in Charleston, they are about to dispose of their establishment to Mr. Clayton, formerly manager of the Graffe, who purposes taking a company to some of the West India Islands.

Otto Motty, the cannon ball performer, left Philadelphia for Pittsburg, on his way to New Orleans on Tuesday evening last.

We have received a copy of Loman Redes' new comedy of "What will the World say?" and shall shortly present it to the readers of the Mirror.

Simpson took a benefit on Friday night, a house full of old favourites greeted him warmly.

Miss C. Cushman takes a benefit to-night. Nothing more need be said for the "Lady Gay," and though Saturday night is not the best one the manager could have selected, she is sure to have a full attendance—all the New York readers of the Mirror are expected to visit the Park to-night, if they can get in—look to it!

From our Correspondent.

BOSTON.

TREMONT.—La Belle Ellsler continues as usual to be the bright particular star of this theatre, and although for the last two nights of her engagement, no premium has been offered for the boxes, the house has been handsomely filled. The beautiful ballet of La Bayadere has been produced with all the splendour of new scenery by Stockwell, new dresses and embellishments, powerful chorus, and competent ballets. Ellsler, the gem of the piece, was most enthusiastically received, but our cotemporaries have so exhausted the vocabulary of praise that we scarcely know how to speak of her. The melting strains of Auber's delightful music, seems to lend additional inspirations with such a charming *Zoloe*. In the trial dance there is a delightful ease and quietude in all her movements which refines and elevates her dancing into the very poetry of motion.

On Monday evening she performed in La Sylphide and La Bayadere, to a crammed house. The entire crew, and many of the officers of the United States Ship Columbus, accompanied by their band, were in attendance. The crew were dressed *cap a pie* with Uncle Sam's own apparel, occupying nearly all the seats in the pit,—the band in uniform brought up the rear. The boxes, public and private, were filled with the elite of the city, and the *tout ensemble* was

brilliant and affective. We have seldom witnessed a more enthusiastic or delightful audience. At the close of the performance, she was loudly called for, and she again appeared before the curtain. One of the crew arose from the pit, and in behalf of his comrades returned thanks to the Queen of dance, for the gratification she had afforded them. After which, Fanny, with a most bewitching *naïveté* made the following reply:—

"KIND FRIENDS:—

I know that your life is rough, and your work is hard. If I have afforded you an hour's gratification, I feel sincere pleasure. I shall always remember the *Co'umbus and her gallant crew*, and (raising her little hand, with her usual irresistible *naïveté*) YOU MUST NOT FORGET ME."

She then made a pretty obeisance, and the curtain went down amidst thunders of applause.

On Tuesday evening the theatre was closed, as the off nights can scarcely pay the ordinary expenses. A new piece entitled the "Gipsey," which has been in rehearsal some days, will be the next lion of the day. Mrs. Seymour, a young actress of great personal beauty, has been acting to beggarly houses—in fact, Fanny is the only drawing card at present.

Two copies of "London Assurance," taken by New York stenographers are now in the city. One is now on the tapis here, the other at the National; but it is said that Pelby has got the start by a week at least. *Au Revoir.*

NATIONAL.—The "Naïad Queen," is still running at this house. It is got up with a great deal of taste and splendour, as your readers have already been advised, and brings much money to the treasury. Low prices, and a pair of spectacles every night is pretty certain of success. "London Assurance," has been under lined for several days.

From our Correspondent.

BALTIMORE.

Zanthe has been the reigning star of the present week, but unfortunately for the manager, like most other stars, it has been a bad speculation; if we except Wemyss's benefit. Notwithstanding the assistance of Mlle Romanini on the "la fis de cuivre," we do not believe it has produced the expenses one night, this is not as it should be, when a manager spares neither labor or expence to gratify a community over whose amusements he presides for the time being, and produces his pieces so well, as they have been generally done at the Front street theatre, he deserves and ought to receive a better token of approval, than a nightly beggarly account of empty boxes. To produce *London Assurance* as it ought to be done, with the failure (that is failure to attract an audience, for all who see it, praise it,) of Zanthe before his eyes, will require nerve which we know Wemyss possesses, but which we fear he will not put in requisition. Brian Borohme was performed on Monday to a better house than it deserved; if Mr. Harrison cannot keep himself sober, he had better return to Philadelphia, we have too many specimens of his class in Baltimore already; he is a man of talent or we should not trouble ourselves even to notice him. A very neat little farce entitled *The Rifle Brigade* was very successful, but we missed Thorne's assistance; the gentleman who supplies his place, lacks his ability. Brian Borohme has been repeated. Eddy, Smith, and Mrs. Philips deserve our praise, for the correct manner in which they perform their respective parts; Mrs. Anderson does not appear to think it necessary to know the words of the characters she represents; if the manager thrusts her into parts she dislikes or is unfit for, she should endeavor to do the best she can, and not show her spleen to the audience. Mr. Lyne plays well, but his delivery is too monotonous, and much to pedantic, it is a mannerism of the most disagreeable kind to an audience, and might be easily avoided, it mars the effect of some of the best passages, and was never so conspicuous as in the last speech of Zanthe; we

trust he will receive this hint, in the kindly spirit it is intended. We perceive he takes a benefit on Friday, on which occasion we shall assuredly be present, and strange as it may appear to him, we pay for our admission.

From our Correspondent.

CINCINNATI.

The National is in full tide of success, Scott has every reason to be proud of his business, which thus far has been better than he could have anticipated. Bannister and his lady, with their new pieces have contributed in a great measure to the success.

Marble is fulfilling a very successful engagement; there is an irresistible drollery about his delineation of Yankee character, that never fails to raise shouts of laughter. He leaves here shortly; he commences an engagement at Boston on the 20th Dec.

Bannister has produced a new piece entitled "The Game Cock of the Wilderness," which, however is one of his poorest efforts. Sampson Hardhead, a Kentuckian, by Marble.

Walsha is underlined, to be brought out with new and splendid scenery, decorations, dresses, &c. Marble's benefit took place on the 6th inst.

Scott is making great preparation for his Southern campaign; the new drop curtain, for the Natchez theatre, by Leslie, is admirably executed—it is somewhat similar to Burton's; the theatre there will be fitted up much after the style of the Philadelphia National.

There is now no longer a doubt of the success of the theatre here; all the Cincinnatians require is a good company, properly managed—and they will support the theatre handsomely.

Titus, June, and Angevine, opened with their company of equestrians, and managerie, on the 8th inst.

ANECDOTES AND FACETIA OF THE STAGE.

The strolling sons of Thespis in the incipient stages of their professional pursuits, are made acquainted with misfortune, who speedily becomes their nurse. G. F. Cooke, knew her intimately for many years; and under her protection found a good thick quickset hedge an admirable retreat for a good night's rest.

Kean, who had run the gauntlet of the country round, who had cut fire at a country fair for a few pence, and had urged on by necessity, enacted all the feats of a clown in the Circus to the admiration of a Boor in a bar, for a mug of ale, and a littering down of straw for the night, had so frequently pressed the hand of penury that he became quite familiar to the touch, and social with its squalidness. About two years before his first appearance at Drury Lane, he was successful enough as he then thought to obtain an engagement at the Haymarket, under the management of Morris: fortune smiled upon him, forty shillings a week was the temptation of affluence. It so happened that at the time when he had to enter upon this engagement, he was *starring* in the little village in Essex, and had to make his way to London in the best way he could, by picking up on his way what he could tempt from the clodhopper by nightly exhibitions. Kean unsuccessful as ever, came to the Lea River, which divides the counties of Essex and Middlesex, and found himself destitute of even one penny to pay the ferry over—the appearance of the Charon of the ferry was stern and forbidding—and the tragedian was dismayed from soliciting a free passage. So he striped, and making a bundle of his clothes tied them on his head and dashed into the water. Charon, on seeing this, called out to his dog laying quietly at the bot-

tom of the boat—"Here, Growler.—Growler, seize him, boy, seize him!"—at the word, the dog dashed into the river, and without ceremony, conducted poor Kean to the shore, which he had just left, and deposited him there, returned to his master. Kean watching his opportunity, again essayed into the stream, but as before, the dog returned to his bidding, and he was once more re-conducted back. Upon this, our tragedian angrily remonstrated with the ferry man, who coolly replied, "I rents this here ferry, and am not going to be cheated by the likes of you—so I keeps my dog there, old Growler, to be on the look out." Kean was in the highest state of exasperation, but all argument was in vain—at length confessing his poverty, the ferryman exclaimed, "What, arn't got a penny—why, why the devil didn't you say so—so you've been giving me all this here trouble for nothing—here, jump in—dress yourself, and be d—d to you." Kean did so—was ferried over,—and the churlish ferryman, addressing him, "You're a pretty sort of a chap, to be travelling about without a penny in your pocket, arn't you?"—put a shilling in his hand, and bid him a good bye—from this exploit, Kean caught a fever and ague which negated his efforts at the Haymarket.

WREATHS.

"She wore a wreath of roses."

The custom of throwing wreaths upon the stage has of late been frequent at our theatres, and this folly is carried to such an extent, that we are of the opinion "it would be more honored in the breach than the observance."

We have witnessed lately several abortive attempts, which has excited our indignation as well as pity, for this digested system of imposition upon the credulous, when the fact has to our certain knowledge been clearly ascertained, that these bunches of half-faded Dahlias, and evergreens had been ejected from "the upper tier" by the hands of hirelings, at the precise moment they were required!

Let it be understood, that we are not opposed to the legitimate means of *procedure*, but are willing to place a coronal of the brightest gems upon the brow of merit, whenever an occasion presents itself of attesting our respect for the talents of an individual.

Against all *humbug*, however, we are resolutely opposed, and shall use our utmost efforts to throw some light upon such subjects, when they meet our notice. This wreath throwing has victimised the employers of several *brainless* youths "about town," and did the fair recipient know that "the crown of pearls" which she values probably more than the "pearl of great price," was the tribute of a *soft* head as well as *pilferer*, we question the gratitude, which she would feel upon the knowledge of such a startling fact! There is one of these "nice young men," who has recently become an inmate of our prison, who was notorious last season for the numerous wreaths which he bestowed upon his favourite actress! In conclusion we would suggest the propriety of "reforming it altogether."

Ammonius, the ancient barber, whenever he appeared on the stage, was paid 13*l.* a day for his performance, though he lived close to the theatre.

For the Dramatic Mirror.

THE ADVENTURES OF SIMPEY.

CHAPTER III.

A new character on the stage, who makes a speedy exit. Simpey's timely visit—its consequence. A hint of some foul play, which is not explained in this chapter.

The sun arose in the morning after the night scene described, in all its glory. All nature seemed to feel the genial influence of its rays, and created things sang together, in joy. It was a glorious morning, and the world, mixed up with its good and bad, was astir. Simpey was busily engaged in dusting out Lawyer Brief's room, arranging his papers, and wiping his ink stand, ruler, and other paraphernalia of an office. He thought of his adventure on the previous evening, and shuddered. He was not a coward, but he was now convinced that in Smith he had a deadly foe.

"I will be prepared for him, though. I will oppose force to force, and—" (a smile came over the poor boy's face, as he uttered it,) "I think I can flog him."

At that moment Brief entered. There was that in his countenance which denoted a day of business before him.

"Simpey bring up my breakfast—wash your face; get ready to go out. What blood is that upon your shirt, eh?"

"It is blood from a nose, sir."

"Eh! been fighting have you—no matter, fight as much as you like, it brings business for us lawyers. I want you to goup to old Brown's, so get ready." The very place Simpey wanted to go.

In a large room of a very large house, sat Mr. Brown, old Mr. Brown already alluded to. He was busily engaged in assorting papers. The table, the floor—in fact, the whole room was strewn with books, papers, folios, &c. Brown was evidently deep in business. The walls of the room were bare. Leaning against a portion of it, however, were various arms, both offensive and defensive; giving it the appearance of an ancient armoury. Brown had been a soldier, and he still remembered the days of his youth. During the progress of arranging his papers, his tongue was not idle, nor his mind either, for both were running upon one subject—his nephew.

"Ungrateful villain as he is, yet I love him. And he mourns on the rack his follies have made. Should I not forgive him? My little span of life is nearly run out—the sand is hastening down the glass rapidly! Let me see what he has written to me. 'Dear uncle.' Aye, dear uncle! Never while life remains. Pooh! what is life? Time as he flits past us leaves a wrinkle on every brow. He comes so slow, so gradual, that he carries us off to the grave, before we can reflect, think, or recal, past actions. Man ought to be always prepared to meet his doom, which time, sooner or later, brings about. It sweeps the rich, the poor, the slave, the king! No distinction marks his unbounded sway. The sun that arises to-morrow, and to-morrow is still the same; its brightness does not decrease, but every day brings man's lamp nearer a close; it glimmers in the socket—burns its brief time out, and sinks into oblivion. Time is precious! How many moments do we waste in idleness and folly, which we would gladly recal! And has my life been one, free from the blots which deface

the pure surface of memory? No! But, I can remedy some of the consequences of them. Yes, I will do some good before I die."

While reading the letter from his nephew, the old gentleman indulged in frequent outbreaks on the uncertainty of life, similar to the one above. They were prophetic, as the sequel will show.

He continued the reading, 'I have been guilty, uncle.'—"Aye, that you have. The fair flower of the valley was crushed by you. Damn me if I forgive him! Who's there?"

"Me, sir—poor Simpey."

"Poor devil—get out; I want no poor about me!"

"But sir, I have a letter from Lawyer Brief."

"Ah, that alters the case. Who are you? What's your name, boy?"

"Simpey, sir."

"Umph! a good face enough. Sit down, Simpey."

"Yes, sir."

Brown opened the letter, and read over its contents carefully. "Well, well! Brief is a man of business. Well, sir, what do you want?"

"Nothing, sir, unless there be an answer."

"No answer. Shut the door as you go out—it is cold."

"Yes, sir, it is cold, and I—I."

"Well boy—what ails you?"

"Nothing ails me, sir; but I would say something to you about two people—the only two who ever showed me kindness."

"Eh? what is that? Sit down, my little boy; draw your chair near the fire. There, now speak out."

"Your nephew, sir, was kind to me, when all the rest of the world was cruel. I have no friends—no relation. He gave me money; he—"

"What! my nephew gave you money—who are you, eh?"

"Poor Simpey, sir."

"O! aye; and so he gave you money—the dog was always generous."

"And there is one other person who has been kind to me, and loves your nephew as if he was her son—old Mrs. Maguire."

"Ah!—the school mistress. He went to her school, I remember!"

"Well, sir, she is now in her old days, compelled to go to the poor house. Her son has met with a misfortune."

"Poor house! Mrs. Maguire go to the poor house! Nonsense! Strange I never thought of the poor before; and this little ragged urchin reminds me of my duty."

"Go boy, go! Attend properly to your business. You are destined for great things."

Simpey looked up—the words struck a corresponding cord of his soul, and he left the presence of Brown with a high opinion of his prophetic powers.

That very day a sum of money was deposited in the bank, subject to the order of Mrs. Maguire, and—to show, as it were, the mysterious works of the deity—the very next day Lawyer Brief was called to attend Mr. Brown, who was dying. A new will was made—the doctors consulted together, during which Brown died.

The announcement of this, a sudden death, unhinged the vast chain Simpey had woven in his imagination, and attached to the car of romance. And, more, it was whispered about, that the visit of Simpey to Brown, had accelerated

that gentleman's death. It was, also, said, that Simpey had told some strange stories of the old man's nephew. Be this as it may, Smith made out a most awful story about Simpey—and, among other things, said, that he was born to be a curse to the village—a blight on its interest—that he was a doomed boy, and that the devil had stood as his god father! This story, however ridiculous, was credited by many. The poor boy did not heed the bitter revilings of the ignorant. He mourned for the old man as he would have mourned for a father. He had spoken kindly to him. The veriest wretch upon the surface of the earth never forgets the words of kindness, uttered in his hours of misery. There was one peculiar circumstance occurred on the occasion of writing the will, and which did not escape the notice of Simpey. It was, that Lawyer Brief called in Smith, as one of the witnesses, and on its completion Smith returned with Brief, and the remainder of the night was spent, by the worthy pair, in a close, and, as they thought, unobserved, conclave. There was a witness to their villiany, and that witness was Simpey.

(To be Continued.)

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